

## Wake Up Call

A gold-eyed predator races through the low limbs,  
Her kill window only six minutes, just before first light.

Like a Vampire of the Woods, she must return to her hidden roost before sunrise  
Gliding silently, she sees the unsuspecting cat  
Curled upon the deck post, its hearing long gone and senses dulled with age,  
Now the target of a racing drone, whose radar is locked on.

It strikes quickly and the cat, never to awaken, is suddenly lifted skyward,  
Leaving one family to feed another, creating only memories of its ninth life,  
Now flown like a grocery sack to an unlikely final resting place  
High among the branches, far from the deck post and the kitten which still sleeps undisturbed,  
A lofty sacrifice that will never be confirmed.